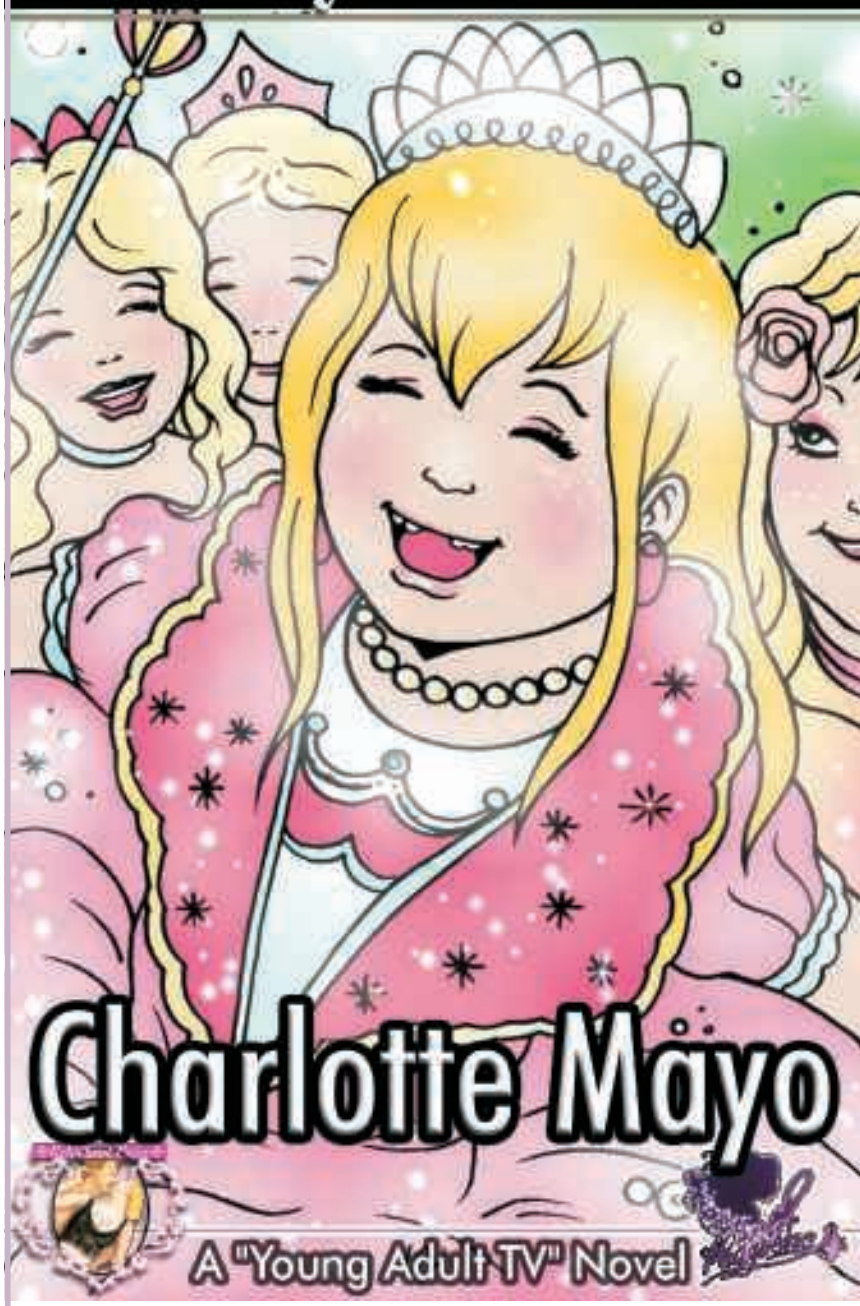


Mummy Knows Best



Charlotte Mayo

A "Young Adult TV" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Mummy Knows Best

By Charlotte Mayo

Preface

Naturally, as a transvestite, I am always drawn to stories about men dressing as women and boys dressing as girls. Occasionally of course, you come across them in the mainstream media but usually they concern boys/men who feel they are in the wrong bodies and want to be women and they have transitioned or wish to transition. The stories that remain with me, however, are those that I have read in women's magazines from mothers. One was of a wealthy, stay-at-home mother who was desperate for a girl after three boys – the fourth child was to be their last (even that was a mistake – or so the father thought).

The mother was frantic for a girl so imagine her disappointment when she had yet another boy. She had convinced herself she would have a daughter and had even bought girl's clothes for the newborn. But they didn't go to waste – no, she dressed the new baby as a girl and took him/her out of town to where she wasn't known and pushed him around a small village in the pram. She loved it when other mothers cooed and gushed over her pretty little “girl” who she even christened with a female name for the daily excursions.

The rest of the family did not know and, despite some near misses (like when the girly baby clothes were found in the laundry), up to the time of the confession she had concealed her secret – only to anonymously confess it to a female magazine. That story formed the basis of *Mother's Girl* (RP Book 648) published by Reluctant Press.

Another anonymous confession I must have read in the Eighties or Nineties, and which struck a chord with me, concerned two mothers – in my version of their story here they are single mothers but I am not exactly sure if that was the case in the original. One of the mothers had a son – let's call him Jack - who I guess would have been under ten, certainly pre-puberty. The two mothers met regularly and one day they were discussing the virtues of girls over boys – again, I am not sure of the era because the confessional piece was written sometime after the events had taken place so the story may have

taken place in the Sixties or the Seventies or perhaps even earlier. Anyway, they had the idea of a social experiment which was to dress Jack up as a girl for the day to see what it would be like and how he would behave. They purchased – or in some other way acquired - a pretty party dress and other female garb. One day Jack was brought by his mother to the other woman’s house and the two women set about making him into Jacqueline for the day.

They dressed him in female clothes – starting with underwear - and a very, pretty full-skirted party dress, they applied make-up and an Alice band and shoes and socks, jewellery and perfume. Then they treated him like a girl for the day and made him sit and curtsy and read poetry and be demure. What always struck about the story was the amount of premeditation and effort that had gone into the transformation – it wasn’t just the case that the two women had thought it would be nice seeing Jack as Jacqueline and then done it straight away. No, they had planned it - they had gotten the clothes and they had made sure he was fully dressed with makeup, underwear, shoes, socks and of course, the dress. I can even remember the author of the confession talking about adding padding to his hips and chest to really make him look like a girl for there was no doubt that when they had finished Jack must have really looked like a Jacqueline.

The author of the piece (who was not the mother of Jack) said that she “knew it was wrong” but that

the desire to see Jack dressed as a girl was “very strong” in both her and Jack’s mother and that once they had dressed him up, they both found the whole experience extremely satisfying. The author could not explain why that was the case but went on to say they had very much enjoyed making Jack act like a prissy girl for the day – they had taken him downstairs and they had had sandwiches together, then they had got him to act like a girl – giving him coaching in deportment and manners. Even so, in later years, she wondered if it had had any long-term effect on Jack (she sincerely hoped it hadn’t). It had only happened once and the two women and Jack had never spoken about the incident afterwards. Well, here I have updated the confession for the 21st Century and imagined the events and what might have happened at the time and afterwards...

Anyone who has read my autobiographical book, *Dress Circle* (RP Book 616) will know that I too had my skirmishes with female clothing when I was young. I was the youngest of three children, having an older brother and sister. My mother’s first child – a daughter – died of a heart issue when she was a baby and I feel this had a profound effect on my mother. The first (I think), and certainly the most memorable event, happened when I was myself seven years old. I know I was seven because we had just moved into a new house. It was the long summer holiday and one morning my sister who was five

years older than me, so twelve years of age, rummaged through a bag of jumble sale clothes that my mother had collected from an auntie who we had visited as a family over the weekend. They contained two lovely, pink party dresses that had belonged to my cousin. My cousin was a few years older than me and one dress was about my size and my sister felt the other dress would fit her. That being the case, she decided that it would be a great idea if we dressed up in them. My sister was quite bossy and tended to order me around a bit so though I am not totally sure, I feel the idea was almost certainly hers. I remember my sister taking me to her small bedroom and getting out a pair of her panties and white socks and I remember undressing and pulling the clothes on – I even recall wearing a white nylon slip. Then, my sister made me step inside the dress and she pulled it up my slim frame and edged up the zip. The dress had a tight bodice and full skirt with net underneath. I can remember feeling enclosed and entrapped by the dress, feeling it was alien and weird.

My sister took off her clothes and slipped into the other dress and this time I helped her with the zip. Then she applied makeup to her face and mine. It is one of my most vivid childhood memories. When she had finished, my sister held my hand as we stood in front of the dressing table mirror in her bedroom. She was dressed in a slightly tight pink dress with a full skirt whereas I was dressed in a lovely pink

dress which was a perfect fit. With the makeup in place – which I seem to remember was just powder and lipstick – we looked like two sisters.

Then my mother came upstairs and my sister took me out of her bedroom and “showed me off” to her, pleased with her handiwork. Rather than being annoyed, my mother made a great fuss of me. I remember her giving me a big hug and picking me up as my sister smiled broadly. Although my mother came from an era where boys dressing as girls was seen to be “wrong” - and she was quite old fashioned - she really had no issue with me and my sister playing “dress up” (even though my sister was twelve!) Indeed, I wore the dress on a number of occasions afterwards until my Dad saw me and the “game” was instantly over. My Dad told me in no uncertain terms that I should not dress as a girl.

Anyway, on with the story!

Chapter One

“Do you know, sometimes I wish I had had a girl rather than a boy,” I said.

My best friend, Tanya, looked up from the coffee she was drinking – as did a small, fair haired boy who was playing quietly on the carpet by the window. Tanya laughed and pulled at her blond hair extensions.

“Daisy can be a handful but I know what you mean. I love buying her dresses and girly things and I can’t wait till she gets older and we can go shopping together. There’s a real close bond between mother and daughter.”

“There’s none of that with a boy,” I said. “Max is a good kid but seeing him play with your Daisy, I sometimes wonder...”

In fact, I had done more than wonder – sometimes seeing Daisy and Max together – well, I can only say, I felt really jealous of Tanya, really jealous.

“You’re bound to,” Tanya agreed. “It would be different if he saw his Dad but you are trying to play the part of mother and father and it can’t be easy... whereas for me, well, with a girl I kinda know what Daisy is feeling.”

“And she is a little mini-me!” I said.

Tanya became defensive. “No, she dresses as she likes. I never make her dress or do anything she doesn’t want to do...”

“Yeah, right and she was born loving the colour pink!” I said.

“OK, I admit I may have had a tiny, weeny bit of an influence somewhere down the line...”

We both laughed - a shared sense of humour was one of the things that had drawn us together – we had a lot in common too. We were two single mothers in our twenties and we had met when we collected our children from their first day at school. That had been three years ago when Daisy and Max were been five. Now we met regularly, babysat for each other and went out together when Tanya’s Mum was prepared to babysit for us both. I had no parents or family in the area so I was pretty isolated and, before I had met Tanya, lonely with it. Fortunately, Daisy and Max had also become good friends – though both of us knew who wore the trousers... and it wasn’t Max! Daisy had inherited her mother’s self-confidence and slightly bossy air.

“I wonder how Daisy is getting on with David?” I mused. David was Daisy’s father. Unlike Max’s father (who I didn’t know), he still took an interest in his daughter and took her on holiday with his new family.

“Oh, she loves it. Grace is a similar age and it is the only time she gets to go abroad – I could not afford to take her. And it gives me a break – a week without her – still, I do miss her.”

“I’d love to go on holiday,” I said. Money was short. I worked part-time and, due to child care costs, took a job which gave me the school holidays off. As it happened Tanya worked a similar schedule and she often picked Max up from school and took

him back to her house if I was running late which was quite often as I got stuck in rush hour traffic more often than not.

Max stood up and walked over to me. I stretched a hand out and stroked his lovely, blond hair. He recoiled slightly.

“You don’t really wish I was a girl, do you Mum?” he said. I was amazed he had picked up on my innocent musings!

“No, of course not, Sweetheart. I love you just the way you are.”

“Why did you say you wished I was a girl then?” Max persisted.

I looked at Tanya who was smiling broadly.

“I wasn’t saying I wished you were a girl, what I was saying was I sometimes wondered what it would be like to have had a girl rather than a boy!”

I was conscious that I was digging myself deeper and deeper. How do you explain the random musings of an adult to an eight-year-old child? How do you explain to them the idea that something was theoretical? How do you explain that actually, yes, you did wish you had had a girl rather than a boy?

“But you said you wished I was a girl.”